

Little One

by Madame aZure

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Summary: Can the household handle taking care of a little child? Or will it prove to be quite the challenge? [Chapters I, II & III feature the main narrative elements of this fanfic. The rest of the chapters are individual stories based on it - they have no particular order and are not necessarily linked one to another unless stated so.]

1. We Have a Tiny Problem

****Title:** Chapter I: We Have a Tiny Problem**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:**** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.

****Author's note:**** This fanfic is just my excuse to write something light in hopes that I will be able to break my annoying writer's block - it will contain several short chapters of mostly fluff and crack.

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><p>"He is so cute!" Tao squealed in delight, leaning over the bed to take a better look at the sleeping child.<p>

"Shhh, you'll wake him!" Takeo shushed him, bringing a finger to his lips to further suggest that they needed to be quiet. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at M-21, a gentle smile softening his sharp features. He hesitantly reached for the child with a hand, carefully running his fingers through his soft, silver locks, making the little werewolf sigh in content. The sniper always had a soft spot for children, and although he knew that the current situation was rather problematic, M-21's predicament was melting his heart into a puddle of adorableness.

A day ago, they had to fight yet another Union agent, who had nothing better to do than attack them and disturb their peaceful life. The battle had been challenging, but all their training had finally paid off and they managed to defeat him. Before they could finish him off, the enemy gathered all his remaining energy into one final attack, targeting Tao and Takeo, since they were the most wounded. M-21 stepped in to deflect it, but much to everyone's dismay, the agent caught him and used the energy to kill himself and the werewolf. A flash of white engulfed them both, the explosion's shockwave preventing anyone from going to their comrade's side to help him.

After the explosion had passed and the dust cloud had finally settled, just a crater was left where the enemy stood and their comrade was nowhere to be found. Despair never tasted bitterer, the thought that their comrade had sacrificed his life for them gripping their hearts into a vice-like claw.

By chance, Takeo caught a flash of silver in the debris, alerting everyone else of what he had spotted. They rushed to where the sniper had showed them, ignoring their own wounds that protested at the movement, because no physical pain was remotely close to how much it hurt to think that their comrade was gone.

Bewilderment stopped them in their tracks when they got there, because although they had found their comrade and he was alive, he hadâ€| shrunk? Short, silver hair, scar over his lips â€" that was M alright, but he didn't seem more than five or six years old.

They took him straight home, so Frankenstein could examine him: the scientist had found that M-21 was in a coma-like state â€" his brain had temporarily shut down while his body was intensively working to accommodate the sudden change. His pulse rate and breathing were normal, his wounds long since healed. The only things out of the ordinary were his energy levels as well as his energy consumption rate, which were sky high.

Considering the results of his analyzes, Frankenstein theorized that M-21's current state was due to a defense mechanism. Instead of being destroyed by the explosion, his body absorbed the energy, which triggered as a side effect, the reversal of his biological age, since the energy consumption rate of a growing child was higher than that of an adult. This way, he could metabolize the energy without triggering the body's disintegration.

Given that M-21 had already healed and that it was better for him not to wake up in a lab or hospital environment, they took him to his

room, keeping a careful watch on him to make sure there weren't any dangerous changes in his health condition.

Right now Tao and Takeo were checking on him, and although it wasn't something time consuming or difficult to do, they lingered in the room just a little more, attracted by the child's sleeping form.

"It's fine. Boss said he'll be out like a light for the next couple of days," the hacker dismissed his comment with a wave of hand. "Besides, just look at him! We have a mini M-21, the pocket version, a travel-sized werewolf," he giggled cheerfully.

The little werewolf was in a deep sleep, undisturbed by the two people in his room. He was curled up under the covers, grasping tightly a corner of the blanket, clutching it to his chest, his breathing steady and his expression relaxed. While Frankenstein was examining him, Seira went out and bought him clothes that would fit him, so he was currently wearing a cute pair of pajamas with a bunny pattern.

"Tao, this is not a laughing matter," the sniper said in a serious voice, but his gentle smile said otherwise.

"You're right," the hacker stated seriously. "It's more like an 'aww' matter. Look, he even has a tiny scar," and his seriousness dissolved into another giggling fit.

"If you've finished checking on him, you should leave," Regis advised them in a quiet voice, peeking in the room through the open door, but not entering as if he was afraid not to wake the child. "You will disturb his sleep," he continued softly, looking at the werewolf with a curious, yet wary expression. He was thankful that his comrade was still alive, but he wasn't sure how to handle the current situation, since M-21 was also â€|well, small.

"He's right. Let's go, Tao," the sniper said dragging the hacker after him.

"What? No, I wanna play with him! He's adorable!" he protested, not wanting to leave.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€| :)

2. Taming the Wild Beast

****Title:** Chapter II: Taming the Wild Beast**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:** this chapter contains OCC-ness. Read at your own**

risk.

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.

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><p>M-21 woke up with a gasp and sat up quickly, a strong wave of dizziness forcing him to immediately support himself on his arms so he wouldn't fall. He needed a few seconds to adjust, the room spinning around him, a loud ringing resounding in his ears. He screwed his eyes shut and breathed deeply a couple of times, before he reopened them to look around. He was in what appeared to be someone's room, unfortunately one he did not recognize in the least. Whose room was this? How did he get here?<p>

His breath hitched in his throat when he realized that there was no point in trying to remember anything because his head was a mess: emotions intertwined with images and sounds in a chaotic cluster of thoughts that made no sense whatsoever. The only reliable thing he could recall was a fear that echoed dully in the back of his mindâ€| bad people! The bad people probably caught him and now they waited for him to wake up so they could hurt him. He put a hand over his mouth to stop a frightened gasp from being heard, eyes opened wide in horror, his body shaken by a violent tremor. He needed to hide. No, he needed to run!

Without another thought, he jumped out of the bed, rushing to the window, as it was the closest escape route, leading directly outside. Lucky him, it was nighttime, so maybe the bad people were asleep and he could successfully run away. He tried to open it, but the lock was secured in place and it wouldn't budge no matter his efforts. After tugging it repeatedly and obtaining the same result, he finally gave up, realizing there was no way he could jump out the window. He could try to break it with something heavy, but that would alert the bad people. Moreover, from what he could tell from looking outside, the room he was in was on the first floor; jumping from that height wasn't a smart move whatsoever.

He still had another escape route left: the door. Only that it meant he had to make his way right through the heart of the bad people's territory. He could try to be sneaky and slip past them, but it was very dangerous. If they found him, they would punish him for his attempt, but if he stayed in the room, they'd also do the same thing sooner or later, even if they had a reason or not.

His knees were shaking, threatening to give in any moment now, his hands were trembling and he had to bite his lips to stop himself from breathing through his mouth, as it was too loud. It wasn't the right time to be scared. He had to be brave. He had a chance to run away, if only he was willing to take the risk. He had to tryâ€|

Making up his mind, he went to the door, opening it as quietly as he could. He took a peak outside, seeing a long hallway with several doors on each side, dimly lit by a few night-lights. With a deep breath, he left the room, moving as stealthily and quickly as he could to the end where he saw some stairs, keeping a watch on the doors, making sure no one ambushed him. It was far too quiet, but maybe it was because it was nighttime. Even bad people had to sleep,

hadn't they? Still, something did not feel right, in a good way. The air did not smell like terror and blood, he did not feel malicious eyes watching him from the shadows, his skin wasn't prickling as if he expected to be hurt at any time. It was almost as his fears were unfounded " if only it were true. There was something in his mind telling him that he was safe and had nothing to fear. How could he have nothing to fear when clearly the bad people wanted to hurt him?

He was about to go down the stairs when a door opened behind him, startling him and making him turn around too quickly. He tripped on his own legs, but before he could fall, someone caught him in a safe embrace.

"Easy there, little one," the stranger told him, lifting him up in his arms.

"No! Let go! Let go!" the child started struggling and kicking, fear taking over him, thinking that the other was one of the bad people and will hurt him for his attempt at running away.

"It's alright, I won't hurt you," the other continued in a gentle and patient voice.

M-21 struggled with all his might, pushing with his little hands into the other's chest, hoping to put a little space between them, but there was no escaping from the stranger's secure grasp. The only way for him to escape was to force the other to let him go first, so he resorted to his last solution. In an instant, he sunk his teeth into the closest thing that came into view, which was the stranger's shoulder, biting down until his jaw protested. He wasn't strong enough to break the skin, but even he could cause a little pain. He braced himself, either for being hit for what he was doing or for being released.

The stranger didn't even flinch at the pain, simply sighing, wrapping his arms tightly around the child and bringing him even closer to his chest. One of his hands went up and down the werewolf's back to calm him down, whispering comforting words.

"It's alright, it's alright," he said, gently rocking the child. "Although you must be quite hungry, I assure you wouldn't want to eat me, I'm not nearly as tasty as I look," he chuckled, but the child didn't give in at all, neither his bite nor his frightened trembling faltering.

"It is alright," M-21 drew a sharp breath when a gentle voice echoed in his mind, a kind and calming presence embracing him protectively. "No harm will come to you, you are safe," the words brushed over his thoughts like a light, summer breeze, dispelling his fears. Something told him that the voice told the truth, as a sense of safety flowed from it. The closest thing he could associate to how that presence felt in his mind was basking in sunlight: comforting, safe and oh, so warm.

M-21 remembered he was still biting the stranger and he wondered why the other wasn't yelling at him or hitting him, like the bad people always did.

"He is not like the 'bad people', he will not hurt you," the voice

told him and once again, he was sure of the veracity of its words.

Frankenstein waited patiently for the child to calm down, as he was still trembling slightly in his arms. Unfortunately, his assumptions were correct and the incident had affected M-21's memories â€" his behavior was probably due to an innate fear of the persons who hurt him at the Union. Confused and scared, most likely his first thought when he woke up was to run away from any potential threat, even if there was none. Thankfully, Frankenstein could feel his Master's presence around M-21 â€" he probably felt the child's distress and decided to intervene, since he could convey best to him that they weren't a threat.

Finally, the werewolf hesitantly unclenched his jaw and withdrew, peeking at the stranger who held him in his arms. He had shoulder-length, golden hair, his bright blue eyes seemed to shine in the dim light, and he was smiling warmly at him, not having one of those menacing grins that bad people had.

"Have you finally decided that I am not that tasty?" the scientist raised a brow in amusement.

The child looked at him with a confused and slightly fearful expression, but judging by how he wasn't trembling anymore and his shoulders dropped into a more relaxed position, he was calmer.

"Oh, we haven't got acquainted yet. My name is Frankenstein and I â€" he paused. He knew he was supposed to reassure the child that he was not part of the people who wanted to hurt him, but how much did the child know?

_ "He is afraid of the 'bad people'," _ Raizel spoke to Frankenstein this time, his hint being exactly what the scientist needed to use.

"â€" and I am someone who fights the 'bad people'," Frankenstein told him in the most serious and non-threatening tone possible to show him that he truly meant what he stated, knowing that M-21 would understand what he meant through 'bad people'. His statement certainly had an effect on the child, as his eyes grew wide, not with fear but with awe.

_ "He can protect you, you can trust him," _ Raizel underlined Frankenstein's words, further reassuring the child.

"You fight them?" M-21 asked in an unsure but hopeful tone.

"Of course, they're mean, aren't they?" the scientist said it as it was something obvious, feeling his Master's amusement coming through their bond. Seeing as the scientist could handle it, Raizel withdrew and let him take care of everything.

The werewolf didn't answer, weighting his words with a cautious expression. He wasn't sure what to believe: the other hadn't tried hurting him or yelling at him, but that didn't mean he wouldn't attempt to in the future. Sure, the voice told him he wasn't in danger, but aside from that safety feeling, he didn't have any real proof and it was better to act carefully.

"What's your name?" Frankenstein asked, because although he knew M-21's name, it was better to see what the child knew.

"I don't know," the werewolf mumbled unsure, sadness flashing in his eyes. Frankenstein needed to change the subject quickly as he had unknowingly brought up a touchy topic, since M-21 appeared to remember close to nothing.

"I see. What should I call you then?"

The child shrugged lightly, careful with his defiant behavior, but he really had no idea what the other should call him. Bad people addressed him with 'you'.

"How about," Frankenstein hummed, "little one?" The child was taken aback by the nickname, blinking in surprise, then his eyes narrowed into his trademark frown. It was a vicious expression as vicious as a kitten's.

"I'm not little," he grumbled, his lower lip sticking out involuntarily into a pout.

"I see, my mistake then," the scientist couldn't help but chuckle. He glanced at the wall clock, "Oh, it's quite late. However, it's the perfect time for a midnight snack. Would you like some cookies and milk?"

Frankenstein hadn't missed the spark of interest in the child's eyes at the word 'cookies', even though he averted his gaze and made no attempt at either accepting or rejecting the offer.

The scientist wondered if he should put the child down or not, deciding on the latter. He went down the stairs and into another hallway, entering through one of the doors on its sides. He turned the lights on, revealing what appeared to be a spacious living room, the child blinking repeatedly at the brightness before his eyes adjusted. The werewolf scanned the room with a curious expression, taking in every little detail, from the framed pictures on the wall, to the flower arrangements on the coffee table, to comfy-looking sofa. It didn't look like one of the white, scary rooms he was used to, it looked like a home?

"I'll be right back," Frankenstein told M-21 after he put him on the sofa, briefly ruffling his hair.

Several minutes later, he came back with a tray that had two tall glasses of chocolate milk and a plate of cookies on it. The scientist placed it on the coffee table in front of the child, took one of the glasses and sat on a chair. He figured it would be easier for M-21 to accept the food, if he ate and drank too.

Seeing as the werewolf looked at him expectantly, he took a sip from his beverage, then turned his head to look out the window as if something caught his attention, knowing that the child would probably want to inspect the food before eating.

Thinking that the other wasn't paying attention to him, M-21 quickly dipped a finger in the chocolate milk and brought it to his lips, tasting it. It was sweet, not having that pill after-taste like he was used to. Hesitantly, he took the glass with both hands, eying its

contents " the blond drank the same thing and it didn't taste bad, so it had to be safe, hadn't it? Just a sip couldn't hurt, could it?

Frankenstein turned his head back to the child just as he brought the glass to his lips and took a big sip. He had to stop himself from chuckling when the werewolf was left with a milk mustache after drinking, which he proceeded to lick immediately.

"Do you like it?" he asked as M-21 was trying to remove the milk off his upper lip with his tongue.

The child nodded shyly and looked at the cookies.

"The bad people," he began timidly, "you said you fight them. Are you the one who saved me from them?" M-21 tilted his head.

"In a sense, yes," of course there was more to the story, but those details weren't exactly suitable for a child, so the scientist chose to omit them.

"Why?"

Frankenstein had to keep himself from frowning, because there was something in the child's expression that said 'why bother?' M-21 always had a penchant towards low self-esteem and self-sacrifice, and it appeared that his younger version wasn't any different.

"One shouldn't need a reason to do what is right," the scientist smiled at him and took a cookie from the plate, encouraging the child to do the same.

The werewolf averted his eyes, gaze lost somewhere in the distance, pondering what the blond just told him.

"Thank you," he whispered after a few moments of silence. Be it for the sweet treat or the fact that Frankenstein treated him with gentleness and care, that was left unsaid.

TO BE CONTINUED :)

3. Meet The Family

****Title:** Chapter III: Meet The Family**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No**

trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.

****Author's Note:** **Chapter I, II and III feature the setting for this AU. From now on, the chapters will have individual stories based on it â€" the stories will have no particular order and won't necessarily be linked together.

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><p>M-21 peeked through the opened door, scrutinizing the living room and assessing the threat: the person who gave him cookies and milk last night was surrounded by four strangers. They seemed busy setting the table, going in and out of the room and haven't yet noticed him hiding. He was fidgeting, trying to decide what to do, carefully watching them from behind the doorframe to make sure they didn't suddenly approached him or something similar.<p>

One thing he was sure of: he needed to get to the blond. After a few moments of pondering, he came up with an attack strategy. If he waited patiently for a moment when all the other strangers left the room and Frankenstein remained alone, he was sure he could quickly cover the distance between them and reach him before anyone else noticed.

When the moment he was looking for came, he took a deep breath, waited for the white-haired lady to finally leave the room, then sprinted as quickly as he could from his hiding spot to Frankenstein's side.

In reality, the household members noticed him straight away, but they acted like they didn't, giving M-21 enough time to make his own decisions, as he felt safer thinking that he was 'hidden' from them. Seeing as the little one was constantly looking at Frankenstein, they guessed that he wanted to get to him, but he was cautious of them. Through a silent agreement, they decided to leave the room, to see what the child would do when the scientist was left alone. They had to make a great effort of will to contain their smiles when M-21 rushed to Frankenstein's side, because his tippy-toe running was adorable.

The little werewolf almost collided with Frankenstein's leg, skidding to a stop near him. He grasped the material of his trousers in a determined grip, looking up at him and waiting to be noticed by the adult.

"Good morning," the scientist gave him a gentle smile, crouching down to meet the child's eye level. The motion forced the werewolf to let go of his pants, gripping instead his sleeve, as a physical reassurance that the other wouldn't run away and leave him alone. His silver eyes shined daringly, as if he was challenging Frankenstein to try and brush him away, his whole demeanor exclaiming: _'You earned my trust, I'm not letting you go!_' Of course, Frankenstein could do nothing but comply with the little one's unspoken request.

"Good morning," M-21 mumbled unsure, throwing wary glances at the others when they came back into the room.

"Have you slept well?" Frankenstein asked, ignoring the little hands that creased his perfectly ironed dress-shirt.

M-21 shrugged, carefully watching the others out the corner of his eyes, shifting closer to the scientist.

"Let me introduce you to the others, alright?" Frankenstein asked.

The child narrowed his eyes to him, not too keen on the idea, but nodded nonetheless, staying still when the other wrapped his arms around him, picking him up. He snuggled comfortably against the scientist's chest, sighing in relief as the embrace gave him a sense of safety.

"They are Miss Seira, Regis, Takeo, Tao," Frankenstein told him their names, gesturing to each of them with a wave of hand, "and this is little one," he finished the introductions.

"Hi there," Tao greeted him excitedly, smiling brightly, coming a little too close for comfort to him, making the little werewolf frown suspiciously at him. "I'm Tao," yeah, he knew that, Frankenstein had just introduced them.

"Tao, you're bothering him," Takeo sighed at his comrade's excitement, even though he looked like he wanted to come closer to the child too.

"I just want to make friends with him," the hacker answered, reaching out to ruffle M-21's hair, but one glare from the child told him it was better to keep his hand to himself, unless he wanted to get bitten. Frankenstein had told them all about M-21's condition, not omitting the fact that he was cautious, if not frightened of strangers and would attempt to either defend himself or run away, so it was better not to act around him in a way that could be perceived as a threat.

"Perhaps it would be better to let him choose whether he wants to befriend you or not," Regis advised him, arms crossed over his chest. He knew better than to approach the child in such an enthusiastic manner, but the hacker always had trouble comprehending the concept of 'personal space'. He eyed the little one, a fleeting thought passing through his mind, a thought that everybody else tried to hide behind a cheerful façade: how much of his comrade was left in the child?

M-21 shifted his gaze from Tao to the noble, sizing him up, thinking that he was a little short for his grown-up attitude and fancy way of speaking. Near him stood the pretty lady, Seira was her name? She gave him a small smile, then turned around and went into the kitchen, disappearing from the view, making the werewolf wonder if she was shy or if she didn't like crowds.

The hacker opened his mouth to say something, when a new person entered the room, drawing everyone's attention.

"Good morning, Master," Frankenstein greeted the stranger with a smile. "Little one, this is Raizel," he said looking back at the child, who completely stopped paying attention to them.

M-21 was looking at Raizel, his eyes sparkling with curiosity, head slightly tilted to the side. He was sure he hadn't met this person

before, but somehow he felt familiar. His presence was calming and safe—just like the kind voice that spoke to him last night. Moreover, there was something about the other that intrigued him: he could tell the other was special somehow, but he just couldn't put his finger on how exactly was he unique.

A small, gentle smile from the said noble derailed the werewolf's train of thoughts, surprising him. He shied even closer to Frankenstein, peeking occasionally at Raizel, who simply went and took a seat at the table, waiting for everyone to get seated as well.

"Little one, would you like to join us for breakfast?" Frankenstein chuckled lightly at the child's reaction to meeting his Master, the werewolf snapping out of his daze and nodding in response.

The scientist went to the table and tried to lay the child on a chair, but he had quite the death grip on his shirt, refusing to let go. He sighed, because if he considered the enhanced humans as his children, well, with M-21 in his current state, he was going to get a real taste of what parenthood was all about. Instead of forcing the child to release him, he simply took a seat at the table and placed him on his lap.

As everyone took their places at the table, Seira returned with another plate and a set of tableware for the child, which she placed near Frankenstein's.

M-21 looked dumbfounded at the already filled plate that was placed before him. To say it looked funny was an understatement, and he wasn't the only one shocked by it, given the others' reactions: Regis looked at it with a raised brow, Tao had to stifle his snickers and Takeo simply smiled.

The food smelled amazing and was appetizing nonetheless, but—the chocolate chip pancakes were shaped like a teddy bear head, with little smiling expressions drawn on them with chocolate syrup, the fruit salad on the side had all the pieces cut in a star shape, and there were also two cupcakes that had a bright, rainbow colored cream on top of them.

The werewolf glanced at Seira, who had a proper and elegant posture, apparently unaffected by the glances she received from the others, but even she couldn't mask the slight blush that redden her cheeks while waiting for the child's reaction. M-21 looked up at Frankenstein with a questioning expression, silently asking why his food looked so funny.

"Thank you, Miss Seira," Frankenstein thanked her in the werewolf's place.

The noble nodded in acknowledgement, taking a seat at the table, but it was clear she still waited anxiously for the child's opinion on her attempt at a cute breakfast.

"Let me help you," the scientist said, considering that it was better not to let a five-year-old handle the knife. He cut the pancakes into bite-sized pieces, before giving the child the fork, which he held with an awkward grip, not quite having the dexterity of an adult. The werewolf eyed the food one more time — given that what Frankenstein

gave him last night had been safe to eat, this had to be too, hadn't it? Hesitantly, he picked a piece and ate it " the pancakes were delicious, so sweet and fluffy like a cloud.

"Do you like it?" Seira asked in a timid but hopeful tone.

The child nodded, continuing to eat, now more confident that the food was safe and most importantly, very tasty. Shortly, everyone started eating as well, Frankenstein having a little trouble, since it was difficult to reach the dishes around the child in his lap.

Out the corner of his eyes, M-21 peeked curiously at the others, studying them " the way they interacted with such ease and familiarity gave the impression that they had been together for a long time and they got used to one another. Their behavior didn't felt fake or forced, as if they were pretending to be happy just for the sake of a façade, which was something the bad people usually did. The atmosphere was jovial and light-hearted, and they almost looked like a normal family having breakfast together.

As for his first impressions about them" He didn't like Tao " that was clear. The hacker was a little too cheerful, excited and energetic for his taste, and he had not appreciated his attempt at petting him.

Takeo kept his distance and even told Tao not to bother him, so he was ok in his books. The werewolf was a little curious as to why did the sniper have such a long hair, like a lady would have " hm, maybe he liked it that way?

Regis looked like a child but behaved like an adult, which was a little odd, and there was something in his eyes that told M-21 that their personalities would clash, should they be standing on equal grounds, but since he was a stranger in that house, he knew it would be better not to push anyone's buttons" yet.

There was no way that someone who could make such delicious pancakes could be bad, so Seira was on his white list too. He liked the pretty lady since she was calm, collected and minded her own business.

Raizel" he didn't know what to think about him yet. He hadn't spoken a word, nor had he done anything to prove whether he was good or bad, but somehow he felt" safe and warm.

Frankenstein was definitely his top pick, should he need to run to someone for help. The kind voice told him that he would protect him, so it had to be true, hadn't it? Moreover, he didn't get mad when M-21 bit him and even gave him cookies, so he had to be a good person " someone mean would've never saved him from the bad people.

He didn't fully trust them yet and who knew what the future would bring, but somehow M-21 knew it would all be alright" wouldn't it?

TO BE CONTINUED" :)

****Title:** Chapter IV: Touch**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:**** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.

****Author's Note:**** ben4kevin asked for Raizel/Little!M-21 moments.

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><p> "Frankenstein, I require your assistance," Raizel's voice echoed through the mental link, calling his loyal servant.

_"Yes, Master," _Frankenstein promptly answered, ready to serve him.

_ "M-21 has fallen asleep on me. What should I do?"_ the Noblesse asked, looking at the little child leaning against him, sleeping peacefully.

"I will come right away and take him to his room,_"_ the scientist said and Raizel could visualize him standing up from his desk to come and solve the problem.

_"There is no need," _the noble stopped him. _"I only wish to know what would make his sleep more comfortable_,_"_ he had little experience with small children and would rather trust Frankenstein's judgment, given that he was originally a human, much like M-21, and he was sure to have the proper information on the matter.

_"Oh," _Frankenstein said, amusement flowing through the link._" See that he is covered with a blanket and that he is in a comfortable position. Also, children find it calming when someone caresses their head."_

Raizel gently guided the little one's head on his lap, careful not to wake him, his touch so delicate M-21 hardly felt it. With an elegant wave of hand, the noble materialized a blanket over him, just like Frankenstein told him to, making sure the texture was perfect for the child. The werewolf curled against the noble like a cat, shifting to be as close to him as possible, letting out a short pleased sigh.

The Noblesse frowned a little, pondering how exactly he should caress the child. Harming him was out of question, as Raizel carried himself with so much care, grace and elegance it was practically impossible

for him to hurt anyone unless he wished so " complete control over his abilities was one of his fundamental attributes as Noblesse. The issue was that he was a little" inexperienced when it came to physical touches. Compared to the nobles, humans were naturally more tactile in their interpersonal relationships " kisses, hugs, pats on the shoulder, handshakes, a lot of their emotions were expressed through little touches.

Raizel was hesitating, considering how exactly he should caress M-21, how much pressure he should put in his touch, what were the perfect moves, the rhythm he should follow. His hand descended slowly into the child's silver hair, carefully threading his fingers through the silky locks. He smiled shyly, seeing as the werewolf did not stir at the initial contact, continuing to sleep soundly. Now more confident that he had chosen the proper caressing technique, Raizel continued, not knowing that his touch was in fact far too delicate. After a few moments, M-21's lips curled into a smile and he giggled softly in his sleep, tickled by the feather-like touches. Letting out a short huff, the child reflexively reached to catch whatever was tickling him, grasping the noble's hand.

"He is laughing," the noble's brows rose in surprise at the child's reaction, looking at the little hand curled around two of his fingers in a determined grip.

"It appears that he is ticklish," Frankenstein chuckled lightly.
"I would advise against continuing tickling him as it might wake him up."

Considering that shaking free from the child's grasp would wake him up, Raizel let him hold his hand. Using his other hand and taking into account the scientist's advice, the noble put just a little more pressure at the tip of his fingers, caressing the werewolf once again. M-21 seemed to like it, sighing in content, bringing Raizel's hand to his chest, keeping it close to his heart.

TO BE CONTINUED" :)

5. Redemption

****Title:** Chapter V: Redemption**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.**

* * *

><p>The child looked at him with fearful eyes, lower lip trembling softly, his little arms pulled to the chest in a protective manner, shoulders drawn in, adopting a hunched posture that was meant to reduce damage should the other decide to hit him, backing away slowly.<p>

Oh, god, what has he done? Frankenstein should've known better than to raise his voice at a child! The little one hasn't even done anything wrong â€" he simply attached to his leg like always, following him around. With this new 'pocket accessory' the scientist couldn't get any work done, which was rather frustrating. Before he could ask someone from the household to take care of M-21, he had raised his voice, his dark aura seeping out. He didn't even have the intention to scare him, merely to attention him, but the child reacted really badly to his louder than usual voice and threatening aura. Now there he was: standing in front of a terrified 5-year-old, who looked about to cry, but bravely tried to hold back his tears. Frankenstein felt guilt twist his heart at the little one's behavior, because all the trust he had worked to build these last days had vanished in a second of inattention.

"I'm sorry, I â€" he kneeled before the child, reaching out to caress his hair, only to have him shy away as if he thought the scientist would attempt to hurt him. The little one scanned the room around him with fugitive glances, trying to find a way to escape, because angry adults were dangerous. Angry adults liked to hit him â€" and despite the trust he had put into Frankenstein, he wouldn't risk it. He had to run and hide until the other calmed down. If he stayed out of his sights until then, he would be safe, he wouldn't get hurt. He just prayed the other didn't like that liquid that made the other adults lose their temper and become even more violent â€" if he did, he did not stood a chance.

"Little one," the scientist called him in a gentle voice, making the child turn his head to him rapidly. "Please, forgive me. I never meant to raise my voice," he said calmly, but M-21 didn't believe him in the least, still holding a defensive position.

"If it makes you feel safer, I will leave and ask someone else to take care of you, is that alright?" he asked, knowing that it was better to put some distance between them and give the child the safe space he needed to calm down. It would account to nothing trying to convince him to trust him â€" trust was built in time and destroyed in a second.

The child looked at him, trying to figure out what Frankenstein wanted to do. He was the first adult to give him the option to be left alone. Usually, they'd snap at him and, in mere seconds, they would hit him â€" they did not waste words on explanations and choices.

"Are you mad at me?" he asked timidly, and in that moment Frankenstein felt his heart being torn apart by that faltering voice, the same way it was torn when his Master used his own life to protect those important to him.

"No. What happened was all my fault, you are not to blame," the scientist answered, shaking his head.

"Youâ€¦ you won't hit me?" the werewolf asked, still not making any attempt at running away. If the other wanted to hurt him, he would've already done it â€" it's not like M-21 could fight him anyway. Besides, this whole situation was weird: despite what happened, the blond still felt safe. These past few days, he took care of him, fed him, bought him clothes and did not hurt him in any way. Sure, he was a little silly, the way he fussed over Raizel, who was a grown up and could obviously take care of himself, but he was a good personâ€¦ The blond scared him when he shouted at him, but he immediately said he was sorry about what he had done â€" bad people never said they were sorry. The werewolf was still unsure, but there was something he could do to test him.

"Never, I give you my word," the scientist put a hand over his heart to signify the promise he made.

"Are you feeling sorry?" the child slowly let go of his defensive position, but was still cautious of the other.

"Yes," Frankenstein answered with conviction.

"Make me pancakes."

"Excuse me?" Frankenstein raised his brows in surprise.

"You said you're sorry," the child averted his eyes, deciding to see how far he could push his luck, knowing that bad people hated being defied. "Make me pancakes," he repeated quietly, looking at him under his eyelashes.

Frankenstein huffed in amusement and relief â€" this was probably the most unexpected and favorable outcome he could have anticipated. If this is what he had to do in order to reconcile with the childâ€¦well, he had some cooking to do.

"Right away. I suppose you want chocolate chip pancakes?" he asked, smiling warmly.

The child looked at him for a few moments, and pleased by what the scientist said, he nodded, and approached him with wary, slow steps. Frankenstein stood still, waiting to see what M-21 wanted to do, smiling gently when the little one hugged him, expecting to be embraced in return. Sneaky little werewolf! However, the scientist obliged, wrapping his arms around the child and picking him up. He stood up, taking M-21 to the kitchen: he had an order of chocolate chip pancakes to make to buy his redemption.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦ :)

6. Cookie Monster

****Title:** Chapter VI: Cookie Monster**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:**** Family;

****Rating:**** K;

****Warnings:**** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Noblesse or any of the characters. No trademark infringement or profit is meant from the writing of this fanfiction.

****Author's Note:** **Solace asked for Muzaka to make an appearance.

* * *

><p>Muzaka looked at him with wide eyes, his mouth agape, shocked at the sight. The pupâ€| was even smaller than he remembered. The puppy, who barely reached his waist, was hiding behind Frankenstein, looking at him with mistrustful eyes, gripping the fabric of the scientist's pants.<p>

"H-how?" the werewolf asked, pointing at the puppy with a finger, looking at Frankenstein with a what-the-hell expression.

"He suffered a forced biological age reset through a defensive mechanism which was triggered by the reflexive absorption of a massive amount of energy," the scientist said it quickly, but when he saw the lost expression on the werewolf's face, he rephrased his answer. "He shrunk."

"Oh," that wasn't really an explanation, but Muzaka chose not to press the matter, because he was sure he wouldn't understand the mechanics behind the pup's current state. "Hi there," Muzaka crouched before the child, smiling broadly. The puppy hid behind Frankenstein even more, frowning at the stranger. "It's ok, I won't hurt you," he told him, but the pup made no attempt to come out from his hiding spot behind the scientist. The child's eyes went wide when Muzaka extended a hand, wanting to ruffle his hair. Frankenstein noticed his reaction and stepped in front of him, completely shielding M-21 from the other werewolf.

"I'd appreciate if you'd refrain from doing that," the scientist said when Muzaka looked up at him with a confused expression.

Frankenstein turned back at the child and picked him up in his arms. "Let's go tell Master that his friend came to visit, ok?"

M-21 nodded and wrapped his arms around Frankenstein's neck, looking over his shoulder at Muzaka, with a wary, yet curious expression.

The werewolf continued smiling at him and followed them into the living room, a little disappointed he couldn't cuddle the child.

"Hey, Raizel," Muzaka said, draping himself on an armchair, the Noblesse greeting him with a nod.

"Stay with Master while I go prepare some tea and snacks," Frankenstein told M-21, putting him down on the sofa.

"I can help," M-21 said, glancing at Muzaka.

"Don't you want to stay with Master?" the scientist asked, making the child consider it. He wasn't too keen on staying in the same room with the stranger, but after throwing a glance at Raizel, he nodded, shifting closer to him. He hid behind the noble, peeking occasionally at Muzaka. The child was cautious, but curious â€" he probably felt that Muzaka was a werewolf too.

~Z~

They were talking for a while, or mostly Muzaka was talking and Raizel listening, when the werewolf unknowingly reached for one of the snacks on Raizel's plate.

"Those are his cookies." M-21 warned him, eyes narrowing at Muzaka, making him stop before he took one of them. "Don't eat his cookies, eat your own," the pup continued and Muzaka had to refrain himself from smiling like an idiot at the little puppy, who apparently was protecting Raizel's cookies. Even the Noblesse seemed amused at his reaction, a small smile appearing on his lips.

"Oh, and what if I want to eat them?" Muzaka asked, smirking.

The child glared at him, pondering what to do: it wasn't like he could fight the stranger anyway. Frankenstein could fight him, but he went to prepare more tea, so for now M-21 had to buy time.

"Here, have mine. Leave his alone," he said pushing his plate of cookies to the werewolf, but the other did not accept his offer.

"How about a deal?" Muzaka asked. "If you give me a hug, I won't eat Raizel's cookies," he really wanted to cuddle that precious, little pup, who glared at him with the cutest frown he has ever seen.

M-21 really, really didn't want to get any closer to the stranger, but Raizel's cookies were in danger and Frankenstein was nowhere in sight. He was sure the other wouldn't hurt him, given that he was Raizel's friend, but that didn't mean hugging him would be pleasant. Still, if he didn't do something quick, that greedy meanie would eat everything, and that would upset the noble.

M-21 slowly slid off the sofa, mustering his courage to come closer to him. He approached him with careful steps, making sure he could retreat at any moment. Muzaka stood up from the chair, then crouched down in front of the pup, with his arms open wide, inviting him to hug him.

"You better leave Raizel's cookies alone," the puppy mumbled.

"I promise."

M-21 cautiously wrapped his arms around Muzaka's neck, feeling the other embrace him in a warm hug. He was really warm, warmer than anyone in the household, and the child wondered if it was because the other felt similar to him, in a way.

"I see that you have become friends now," Frankenstein said as he came back with the tea.

When M-21 saw the scientist enter the room, he attempted to escape the hug, only to find himself lifted in Muzaka's embrace as the other stood up. The puppy was more than irritated that he was tricked, and started pushing against the other's chest to put some distance between them. He looked at Frankenstein with an alarmed expression, asking to be saved from the stranger. The scientist sensed M-21's distress and came to them to help him.

"It seems that I have guessed wrong, he doesn't really like you," Frankenstein sighed.

"What are you saying, we've just become friends," Muzaka ignored his comment, cuddling the little child.

"No, we haven't. You're just a big bully who eats other people's cookies!" the pup squirmed and struggled further, glaring at the other.

"See, he doesn't like you," the scientist said, a little proud at M-21's courage.

"Ah, but I just wanted to hug him," Muzaka pouted playfully, energetically ruffling the pup's hair.

"Go. Hug. A tree," M-21 hissed in annoyance, one of his hands founding its way onto Muzaka's face, pushing it away, but the other just smiled at the pup's antics.

"There, there, let's go have our afternoon nap," the scientist chuckled at the child's witty comeback, finally taking him from the other werewolf's arms.

The moment he saw himself in Frankenstein's embrace, M-21 wrapped his arms around the other's neck, holding him close and glaring furiously at Muzaka. Nope, he did not like the other in the least.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦ :)

7. Her

****Title:** Chapter VII: Her**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** T;**

****Warnings:** this chapter contains violence. Read at your own risk.**

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><p>Raizel, Regis and Seira entered the living room, finally home after spending the whole afternoon with the children at the arcades. The Noblesse suddenly stopped in his tracks and frowned, his scarlet eyes clouded with sadness, but before Frankenstein could ask him what was the reason for his reaction, M-21 appeared in the doorway. The little child was crying, sniffing softly, his hands gripping the hem of his shirt, his lithe body trembling with every shaky intake of air. One glance at Frankenstein and he ran to him, the other kneeling and picking him up.<p>

"What happened?" he asked softly, knowing that the child should've been taking his afternoon nap. He cradled the little child to his chest in a protective manner, rubbing comforting circles on his back to calm him down. The child hugged him with trembling arms, hiding his face into the scientist's neck.

"Mommy," that simple bundle of words resounded in the room like a thunder, as if the mere air shattered at the impact of its importance. Every member of the household unknowingly held their breath, fearing that a simple draw of air could disturb the fragileness of this moment. "I dreamed about mommy," the child continued sniffing.

"How?" the scientist asked, knowing that it was practically impossible since M-21's memories were erased through drugs " he couldn't have remembered his mother, he couldn't have remembered anything at all from his youth. Of course, there was a small chance that some memory fragments were still intact despite all the drugs he had been forced to take, but at the same time, there was another, crueler possibility: M-21 could've simply remembered some woman he had met while working for the Union and miscalled her his mother.

"I saw her," the child insisted, gripping Frankenstein's shirt. "They took her away" more tears started flowing down his cheeks. "They took mommy away" his voice broke with the last word, biting his lips to suppress his cries.

Frankenstein kept silent. He knew he should say something to soothe the werewolf's anguish, but no matter how much he thought, he couldn't arrange a few words to form a sentence that could fit this delicate situation. After all, was there anything to be said that could ease the pain of a child crying for his mother?

"She was brave," Raizel spoke in a gentle voice, making the child look at him with teary eyes. He came to them with unhurried, steady steps. "She protected you," he reached to run his fingers through the child's hair, hoping to comfort him even a little. But even the Noblesse couldn't ease the werewolf's pain and he started to cry again.

No one said another word, letting the little one express his sorrow through his bitter tears, as this was the only way for him to calm down now. The only thing they could do was be there for him and they felt it wasn't enough.

~Z~

"Master, had M-21 really remembered his mother?" Frankenstein asked quietly, cradling the werewolf's sleeping form to his chest after the little one had cried himself to sleep. The child's eyes were red and puffy, his lashes wet with tears, and from time to time he would whimper and sniffle, gripping the scientist's shirt as a reassurance that he was not alone.

Raizel looked at the teacup in his hand, his gaze lost somewhere in the amber liquid. When he arrived home, his mind instinctually reached out to M-21's as the child's anguish was so great, so raw he almost thought he had been hurt physically. In the werewolf's mind, the same scene repeated over and over, too painful to remember, but too important to forget.

A woman with long silver hair struggled relentlessly, trying to shake free from the hold of the two soldiers holding her, until a third soldier hit her in the stomach with all the power he could muster, using the stock of his rifle. She gasped as the hit stole her breath away, the pain making her reflexively hunch forward. She screwed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth, refusing to cry out and give them the satisfaction of seeing her like that. After a few moments, the pain had dulled enough for her to reopen them and glare at the soldier who hit her.

_ "That ought to calm you down, livestock," he laughed mockingly at her, before turning his head to M-21._

_ She paled when she saw where he was looking, but in a matter of moments, her expression changed from desperation to a ferocious determination, her golden eyes shining fearlessly. With a snarl, she yanked one of her hands out of a soldier's hold, punching the other straight in the face, forcing him too to release her. Without a second thought, she attacked the third, pushing him to the ground and wrestling him for his rifle. _

With a gunshot, the memory fragment came to a sudden end. Being nothing but a shard, it was incomplete and insufficient, not attached to any reliable detail such as a name, a localization in time and space, or a specific reason for those soldiers to do what they did. That memory shard survived in M-21's mind only because it was so tangled in his emotions, it became a fundamental part of himself. That memory marked the turning point in his life, when he had lost everything he had, the root of who he has become. It was so small and so deeply buried in the werewolf's subconscious, it was almost impossible to recall it voluntarily and yet, something forced it to resurface into his conscious mind. He had instantly recognized his mother, as his bond with her could not be shattered through mere drugs, being part of his most basic instincts.

"He had," Raizel finally answered, those two words weighting heavier than they should've.

"Have you seen it? His memory?" Tao asked in a serious tone, having lost his usual cheerfulness after what happened.

"Unfortunately, I did," he regretted having overstepped the boundary of the child's consent regarding his own mind, but at the time, he

felt the werewolf suffering greatly and he instinctively reached out to help him.

"Was there any detail, no matter how small, that could help us identify him or his mother? A name? A place? Anything?" the hacker asked, knowing that even the most insignificant part could be used as a starting point in searching more about his comrade's past, but much to his dismay, Raizel shook his head.

The noble looked at the sleeping child. There was a chance that there were similar memory shards hidden in M-21's mind, but searching for them would be extremely painful for the child and under no circumstances would the noble want to hurt him. Perhaps, when the werewolf returned to his normal state, the Noblesse could tell him about it and let him choose whether he wanted to force the shards to resurface or not.

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦ :)

8. Carrots

****Title:** Chapter VIII: Carrots**

****Writer:** Madame aZure**

****Fandom:** Noblesse;**

****Pairing:** None**

****Genre:** Family;**

****Rating:** K;**

****Warnings:**** there are no warnings for this chapter. Read at your own risk.

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><p>M-21 eyed the vegetable with a wary and slightly disgusted look. His brows were furrowed, eyes narrowed into a glare, lips twisted into a grimace while he poked it with his fork, trying to decide what to do. He wasn't a picky eater, only because Seira and Frankenstein were great cooks, but this? He didn't like this. Carrots were evil. And he had to eat five pieces. Outrageous!<p>

The werewolf's eyes shifted to Frankenstein, who was enjoying his meal in silence, apparently unaware of the child's struggle. Should he tell the scientist that he didn't like carrots? No, he should probably not; he wouldn't want to upset him. But what should he do? He could try to eat them and get it over with, but he just couldn't muster the willpower to do it. He didn't like those squishy, orange thingies which tasted really, really bad. How could the others eat them with such ease? Frankenstein told him that vegetables could help one grow big and strong â€" maybe they ate so many carrots in order to become adults that they got used to the taste and it wasn't

affecting them anymore. If eating carrots was some kind of challenge to prove he was worthy of growing up, he would rather remain small.

It just had to be carrots, hadn't it? Couldn't it be something else? He was fine with spinach and with enough willpower, he could handle broccoli too, but carrots were a completely different story. He couldn't even stomach the smell, let alone that horrible taste and mushy texture.

Takeo smiled sympathetically at the child who kept poking the carrots with his fork, clearly not having any intention of eating them, but not daring to say he didn't like them. Was it because of his stubbornness or because he didn't wanted to upset Frankenstein, the sniper didn't know. Every time the werewolf picked a piece of vegetable and tried to bring it to his lips in an attempt at eating it, he would stop mid-way, his mouth twisting into a grimace, his little pink tongue sticking out in disgust, glaring at the carrot as if it had offended him somehow. He would then put it back on the plate, continue glaring at it for a few moments, then try to pick it up again. The cycle went on and on, until all the carrot pieces were full of holes from being poked repeatedly with the fork, yet still left uneaten.

Apparently, the sniper wasn't the only one amused by the child's antics, as the rest of the household members were trying not to chuckle or snicker, watching M-21 out the corner of their eyes as he was battling the evil carrots, determined not to give in no matter what.

At the fifteenth attempt, Takeo was about to ask the werewolf if he wouldn't want to trade the carrots, when Frankenstein let out a long, suffering sigh, putting down his own cutlery, before looking at the M-21 with a gentle smile.

"Little one," the werewolf glanced at him with a guilty expression, expecting to have gotten into trouble for not eating the vegetables, "it's alright not to eat the carrots if you don't like them."

"But you said I have to eat them because they're healthy," the werewolf mumbled unsure.

"You have to eat vegetables because they help you grow big and strong, but it's no crime not to like a certain type," there was really no need to force the child to accept them as he could unknowingly eat them if they were cooked into another type of dish, such as a stew or a soup.

"Okay," M-21 looked relieved that he didn't have to eat the carrots anymore. "Do you have a vegetable you don't like?" he tilted his head inquiringly.

"I'm not particularly fond of broccoli," Frankenstein huffed in amusement and shrugged, wondering what was the little werewolf up to now.

"Wanna trade?"

TO BE CONTINUEDâ€¦ :)

End
file.